

Rich
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Puck

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CÆSAR DECLINES —
BUT HE WANTS IT JUST THE SAME.

"I know that General Harrison has not given 1896 a serious thought. He is not working for the nomination, and will not accept it unless some great emergency shall arise like that which induces the patriot to take up arms for his country."
— Gen. John C. New, Presidential Press Agent for the Harrison Boom.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**THE MARCH
TO FREE TRADE.**

IN SPITE of the smoke that hangs over the field of the tariff battle, it is becoming plainer, day by day, that Protection is making its last fight. If Congress had passed a bill six months ago perceptibly reducing the McKinley rates, that slight relief would have been thankfully accepted by an overtaxed people. The policy of Protection would, in that case, have been modified, but not abandoned. But, instead of doing what it was sent to do, Congress has done nothing thus far but to patch up a bill that ought to receive the heartiest support of every Republican who is an ardent Protectionist. Only those who favor moderate Protection can reasonably find fault with it. It is more odious than the McKinley Bill, because, while levying McKinley's excessive taxes upon imports, it pretends to be a Reform bill. Nothing could be more dishonest. The single item of free wool only serves to bring the protective features of the bill into more striking relief. And this bill is the answer of a Democratic Congress to the plain, emphatic, overwhelming demand of 1892 for relief from tariff oppression. All this pitiful juggling, however, has served one good purpose; it has had a tendency to narrow the fight, to more clearly define the issues. Instead of "Excessive Protection *versus* Moderate Protection" it is fast coming to be "Protection *versus* Free Trade." At no time since 1860 have the people voiced their sentiments more plainly or more insistently than since the present Congress began to coddle the thing it was sent to kill. At no time in the history of our young country has Protection been better shown up in its true colors. The Sugar Trust, wailing because its bounties were threatened, is shown to have paid dividends last year amounting to ninety per cent. on its actual invested capital. Other trusts, paying enormous dividends out of the pockets of the people, have wailed into the Senatorial ear with profit to themselves and to the shame of the Democratic party. In the language of William Lloyd Garrison, "there are many things worse than a tax on wool, and one of them is a tax on public morals." So open and shameless have become the devices of the Monopolist, and so loud have become the demands for relief, that we doubt if even the original Wilson Bill would now be satisfactory to the people. At the last monthly meeting of the New England Tariff Reform League, at which the Gorman-Brice compromise was roundly denounced, Mr. George A. Macbeth, of Pittsburg, the largest glass manufacturer in the world, said: "I can see no other position to take in regard to our tariff system than that it must be done away with entirely." When a protected manufacturer makes that declaration there can be little doubt about what the people who pay for his protection are thinking. With a people at last fully aroused to the iniquity of the Protection idea, Protection is doomed. If one Congress proves unequal to the task it will be a small matter to send forward another with more backbone. A few years hence we shall look back to this session of Congress and say that it marked an "epoch,"— "a period remarkable for events of great subsequent influence." We shall then be able to see clearly that the present muddle was inevitable; that it was only one of the milestones along the irresistible march to Free Trade.

**CONCERNING
AN INCOMPETENT
OFFICIAL.**

pictures, to destroy them when found and to see that their publishers are punished as the law provides. Such an official should be intelligent, fearless and honest. Mr. Anthony Comstock who has filled this position for a number of years, seems to lack the first two of these requisites. His latest achievement of note is the "suppression" of a large number of copies of "Tom Jones." He had never read the book; he knew nothing of its author nor of its rank as an English classic. Some one marked some of its passages for him and he decided it was not fit stuff for the public to read. Of course Mr. Comstock can not suppress "Tom Jones" any more than he can suppress Brooklyn or the Atlantic Ocean, but it is irritating to reflect that such an ignoramus should have it in his power to insult in a nasty way all men and women who know and love good literature. Some

day some one will go to this man and expose Shakspere or the Bible to him. And then, perhaps, a considerable number of people of American birth and training, will suppress Mr. Comstock. Mr. Comstock's cowardice is as evident as his stupidity. Although he has declared that "Tom Jones" should be suppressed, he knows that it, as well as some other standard works which he has pretended to suppress, can be bought any day at any well-stocked book store in New York; and he knows, furthermore, that these books are sold openly. He is too cowardly to stand by his convictions. With a knowing wink he says: "So long as I don't actually see these books sold, of course I can't do anything." The most aggravating thing, however, about Mr. Comstock is not his stupidity or his cowardice. It is his fickle eyesight. Every time he passes a news stand or the window of a stationer's shop this poor man is stricken with almost total blindness. It must be so, because most such places display flauntingly that pink messenger of sweetness and light put out by a certain New York publisher. If Mr. Comstock by any chance ever should see this sheet, he would, of course, be bound to suppress it at once; for, surely, the law that permits him to seize copies of "Tom Jones" would require him to squelch a paper infinitely more objectionable. Mr. Comstock is an incompetent official, if nothing worse, and New York ought to be ashamed of him.

HIS HOBBY.

RAGGEDY WAYSIDE.—Why did yer swipe dat Scientific paper when dere wuz lots wid gals' pictures in dem lyin' 'round?

WANDERING WILLIE.—I like ter read 'bout de invention of laborsavin' machinery. Dis will be a boss world ter live in when dere's no more work done by hand.

ROSE SECRETS.

The white rose is the breezy gown,
The red rose is the sash;
The pink rose is the girl, herself,
The yellow rose the cash—
The blooming gold her father puts
Up in a manner gay
To hear her read of Roman Art
Upon commencement day.

R. K. M.



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TRYING TO ESCAPE.

MR. DUNN (angrily).—This bill has been running three years.
HARDY UPTON (calmly).—What else could you expect of it?
You've been chasing it for two years and eleven months.

THE OLD GRAY VOLUNTEER.



And they were among the mighty men, helpers of the war. — 1 Chr. xii, 1.

WHEN YOU polish up your old canteen and buckle on your belt,
Then you git the queerest feelin's at a feller ever felt;
For you're apt to see things double, ever' time you shut your eyes.
It's a gay an' dashin' volunteer, and then, contrarwise,
It's an old rheumatic veteran comes hobblin' into view,—
An' you can't git rid o' feelin' like as both of 'em is you.
And your name's down on the honor roll, no matter how it's spelt,
When you polish up your old canteen and buckle on your belt.
There's your long, blue army overcoat, moth e't and out o' style,
And the war you wore it in so old your hate's had time to spile;
But your pension comes so reg'lar 'at you never quite ferget
The rattle of the drum an' fife, an' you kin hear 'em yet.
An' it makes you feel at sixty odd like you was twenty-one;
And "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and
It's "Johnny Git Yer Gun,"
Makes the frost 'at's in your mustache and your old gray whiskers melt,
When you polish up your old canteen and buckle on your belt.
But the tune 'at's 'bout the sweetest to us boys in blue or gray,
And 'at's got the saddest music in it either side could play,
Is the one 'at goes with muffled drums and slow and solemn tread,
But there's lots o' glory in it, too, for us an' for the dead;
And your heart beats quick and quicker as you take your comrade's hand,
And you live the war all over as you tell or understand
'Bout the charge you made at Gettysburg and how the powder smelt,—
When you polish up your old canteen and buckle on your belt.

Edwin S. Hopkins.

A CINCH.

MR. NEWED.—Here is an advertisement where the advertiser offers, for a fee of two dollars, to give instructions in housekeeping.

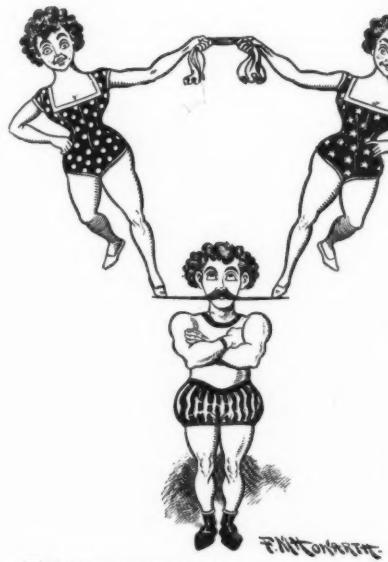
MRS. NEWED.—I applied to him the other day.

MR. NEWED.—What were his instructions?

MRS. NEWED.—"Buy a house in Lonesomehurst. You will have to keep it, for you can't even give it away."

IT is a beautiful thing to sympathize with poor people; but the rich often need it most.

THE CHICKEN is often pronounced tough when the knife is dull.



THE MILK of human kindness is not very heavily enamelled with cream.

NEVER JUDGE a book by a criticism.

A POUND PARTY—An Irish Entertainment.

IT is a severe strain on the angelic qualities of woman when she has to use her wings to dust the furniture.

MANY A MAN who thinks himself ahead of the times is about as useless as a clock that runs too fast.

A MAN NEVER realizes how deceitful appearances are until they are against him.

EVEN THE bones of the shad are numbered.

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The Circus season is at hand; and, as the Circus managers are always hunting for novelties, PUCK begs leave to suggest one.

"NEVER TROUBLE trouble till trouble troubles you;" and then don't trouble other people with it.

IF CLERGYMEN had to practice what they preached, "firstly" would be as far as most of them would care to go.

THERE WOULD be mighty few militia companies if the members of them wore plain clothes on parade.

GREAT POSSIBILITIES.

SHE.—Shakspere married a woman eight years older than himself.
HE (*slowly*).—Yes; just think what he might have been if he had n't.

THE MAN who never allows the grass to grow under his feet is often the first to have it growing over him.



UNGRATEFUL.

MENDICANT (*in disgust*).—I'm starving to death, and you give me a tract.

MISSIONARY (*in surprise*).—Why, goodness me! Most men are glad to get religious consolation when they are dying.

THE WOE OF MUNSON.



SPENT A SUNDAY with Munson the other week. Munson is on the Stock Exchange. He runs the downtown end of his establishment, and makes a good deal of money, while his wife and two daughters run the uptown end, and spend a good deal more. When I saw Munson, the uptown end had gone to Europe for the Summer.

It was a broiling hot Saturday. I was wondering where I could go for coolness and company on Sunday, when Munson met me on the street.

"Awful day," he said; "think I'll cut work early. I'm in a little cottage on the Jersey coast — bachelor's hall, you know; — by the way, can't you come down with me? Are n't any mosquitos *in* the house, any way, and there is generally a breeze. You don't care for much else, do you, except a cocktail and a good cigar?"

I said I'd go, and would take the boat down with him that afternoon. Just as I started off, he called to me and said:

"By the way, you don't happen to have a camp-stool, do you?" I said I did, or could get one.

"Well," he said, "just bring it along; it will come in handy."

I did n't see how; but thought it might be because the boats were so crowded going down.

I and the camp-stool met Munson at the boat, and we had a cool sail down the bay. When we got off to take the cars, Munson said: "That's right! I am glad you remembered your camp-stool." I had n't used it going down; but I concluded camp-stools were probably the latest craze at Summer resorts.

Munson's carriage met us at the station, and we drove to his house, a comfortable big cottage, with broad verandahs facing the water.

There was nothing in the front hall, not even a carpet or a rug. Munson hung his hat on a nail driven into the wall. He seemed to be somewhat puzzled what to do with my hat; but finally managed to make it stick on over his. I looked into the room that opened out of the hall. It was also quite bare, though evidently kept very clean. Munson put his head in the door and smiled.

"Ah!" he said; "is n't this fine?"

I said it was, and then he led the way through the hall.

"Now, if you will bring your camp-stool in here," he continued, throwing open the door to another room, "this is where I sit."

I went in and looked around; still the same bareness, still scrupulously clean; only a solitary chair of the simplest kind, and beside it a soap-box set on end, with a book, a lamp and an ash-receiver placed on it.

"You looked surprised at my quarters," said Munson. "Well, you go upstairs and wash up, and I'll tell you about it while we have dinner."

I went upstairs, where I found the same emptiness. In my room there was only a single bed. Munson had asked me if I would mind washing up in the bath-room.

When I came down, Munson had taken the chair and my stool into the dining-room, where the handsome, even elegant, dinner table looked oddly out of place in the surrounding aridity.

As we drank our coffee, Munson said:

"Now, I suppose it looks queer to you to see the house in this shape; but, to tell the truth, I am sick to death of *bric-à-brac*. Why, at my house in town I can't move! There are tables upon tables, chairs upon chairs, all mixed up with vases, curtains, rugs, china, palms, lamps and Chinese umbrellas, until I'd as soon live on a notion counter. I should n't care so much if there was any stop to it, but every gim-crack that comes up my wife and daughters will buy and put somewhere. I did have one decent room, but they were always trying to fix that up. First they moved the piano into it, so they could put an old oak cabinet where that stood. Rather fresh old oak; in my opinion it was



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THE TERRORS OF WAR.

MRS. HENPECK (*visiting her first husband's grave*). — Yes; here lies a hero. You would not be my husband to-day had he not been killed in the war.

MR. HENPECK (*fiercely*). — Yes; what a curse war is!

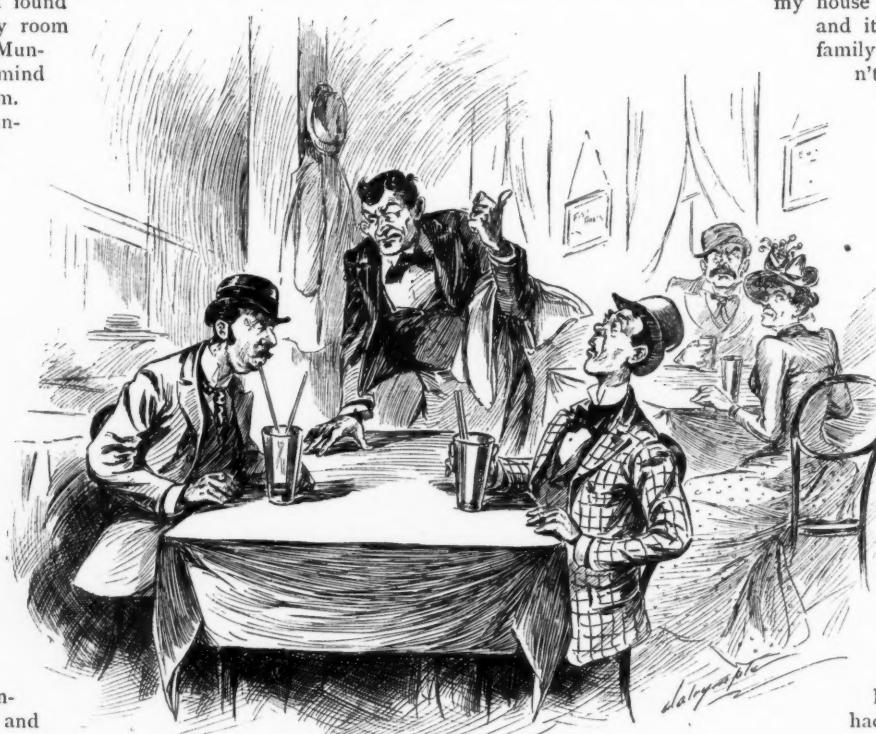
some blacked-up new stuff. After the piano came in my room, a piano lamp had to be put in; said it was a nice light, and I could read by it. Darnedest thing! Why, I'd as soon sit under a lamp-post and read!

"When they'd filled up every inch in the house, I thought we had got to the worst; but I swear if they did n't say they wanted a Japanese room; so we had to build on an addition. Now, you know, when it comes to that, there are all the other nations, and I suppose I shall have to fit up

my house like an illustrated geography, and it will never end. So, when the family went abroad, I decided I could n't stand the house, and I just hired this, bringing down only one chair and my bed by way of furniture. I found I really did need a table; but this soap-box just fixed me up. Then another bed was necessary, so as to have people down. I forgot about an extra chair, and had to ask you to bring that camp-stool. Next time, old man, there will be a chair for you."

The next time I saw Munson was after his wife and daughters had come home, and I called on them in the city. As I came in the door I dodged a piano lamp. Mrs. Munson took a serpentine route between the tables and chairs as she advanced to meet me; and Munson, coming out from behind a huge china jar, into which he had just dropped his cigar, said: "Well, you see, I'm home again!"

A. L. B.



ON THE BOWERY.

WAITER. — Say, ain't you jays done with dem straws?

CUSTOMERS. — Yes. Why?

WAITER. — Why, der lady and gent over to der nex' table's bin waitin' fer 'em more 'n ten minits!

DURING THE month of June all divorces in Chicago are pink.

LOVE'S LUCKY NUMBER.



BETWEEN US there are thirteen years;
And when I dream in balmy slumber
Or wide-awake, it e'er appears
I struck a very lucky number
The day you said that mine you'd be;—
When roses of the Spring were plenty,
And I was blooming thirty-three
And you were blushing twenty.

And I imagine I am right
When thinking of that day Elysian;
I say that Time in all its flight
Has blighted never once the vision;
And so I trust, on Time's white page,
The happy picture Love may leaven,
When I'm a hundred years of age
And you are eighty-seven.

R. K. Munkittrick.

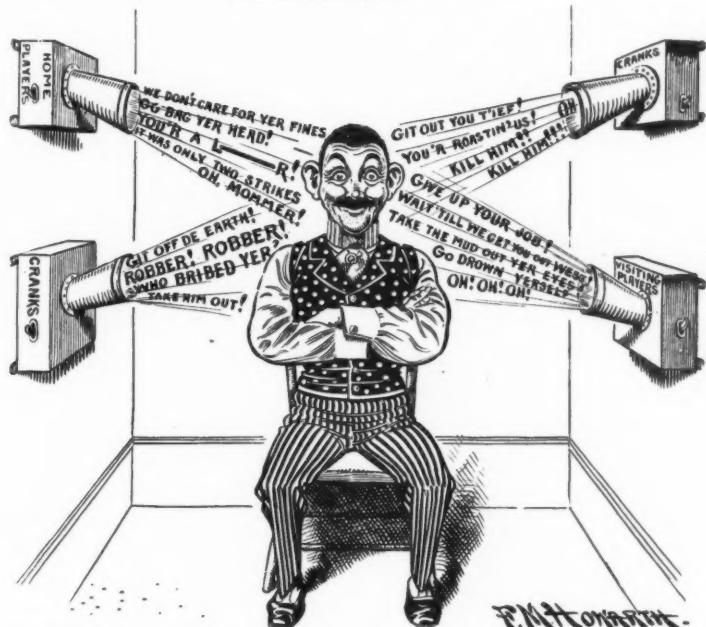


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AN AMENDMENT.

MR. FULTON.—I believe the trolley cars should be prohibited from running over six miles an hour.

MRS. FULTON.—Yes; or old women and children.



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A NEW USE FOR THE PHONOGRAPH.

Budd McCafferty, the League Umpire, is in training for the coming season's work.—*Daily Paper*.

WHAT HE KNEW.

KITTY.—Ah! we learn by experience.

TOM.—Yes; I don't think I know as much as I thought I knew when I left college; but I know I know more.

LAUNCHING HIS PRESIDENTIAL BOOM.

OUTRAGED PATRIOT (*at the open-air meeting*).—Yes, my fellow-citizens, a venal and lying Press, not content with branding our purest statesmen as "bosses," has now held me up to scorn as a "demagogue"—and why, my fellow-citizens?—why?—I will tell you—because I, in infinite compassion for those writhing victims of the Money Power—that vast body of our countrymen slightly called tramps—am the author of a bill to put cushions on the benches in our public parks and squares—(*exit on shoulders of crowd.*)

A SANCTIFIED SPIN.

MR. GRIMCHEEKS.—Now, little boy, stop that wicked sport and come into Sunday-school. Don't you know it is sinful to ride bicycles on the Lord's day?

LITTLE BOY (*triumphantly*).—Yes, sir. I know most of 'em 's wicked; but I got my Paw to blow this wheel up yistidy, an' he's a Presbyterian elder.

A SHREWD SOJOURNER.

MRS. GOODLY.—My poor man, don't you know that whiskey kills? FOXY FINNEGAN.—Yes 'm. Won't you put a little in this water to kill the animalcules?



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ARMING.

MRS. BRADY.—Och! Missus O'Toole, yez be worrukin' noight an' day.

MRS. O'TOOLE.—Yis; Oi'm under bonds to kape th' pace fer pullin' the hair of that bla'guard, Missus Murphy; an' th' Judge tould me as if Oi touched her ag'in he'd foine me tin dollars.

MRS. BRADY.—An' yez is worrukin' hard so's to kape outer mischief?

MRS. O'TOOLE (*between her teeth*).—No; Oi'm savin' oop th' foine!



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THE HEALING ART.

How the natural resources of Africa are utilized by the ingenious natives.

AND YET HE DID NOT GO.

MADISON SQUARE (*incredulously*).—So you really like country life?

SUBB URBAN (*enthusiastically*).—Like it, my boy? I revel in it!

MADISON SQUARE.—Rather dull, is n't it?

SUBB URBAN.—Not a bit—not a bit! Every day brings its special pleasure. By the way, are you disengaged Wednesday?

MADISON SQUARE (*cautiously*).—I think so.

SUBB URBAN (*cordially*).—Then come out and spend the evening with us. My daughter will give us some selections from Schubert; Mrs. Urban will read Ibsen to us; and when the ladies retire I'll brew a pitcher of lemonade, and we'll have a bout at dominos, best six games out of eleven.



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DRAMATIC RETRIBUTION.

SOX.—Gracious! Old man, since when did you become a cigarette fiend?

BUSKIN (*in despair*).—What can I do? Old Lymlytes, the manager, *always* casts me for the villain!

A HIGH AMBITION.

KITTY.—We advanced women have discovered that man is a total failure.

TOM.—I suppose that is why you are claiming an equality with him.

EXEMPT.

CITIZEN.—Why don't you stop those two men brawling on the street? That small one with the spectacles began it. Run him in.

OFFICER MALONEY.—Sure, he's a reporter.

CITIZEN.—Well, the other one, then!

OFFICER MALONEY.—And he's a saloon-keeper!



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INFANT CURIOSITY.

THE VISITOR.—Well, Bessie, why are you staring so at my hat?

LITTLE BESSIE.—I was trying to see if you had your cap under it. Mama says it's so funny to see how you set it at the new minister!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

WILLIAMSON.—Does your landlady take ice?

HENDERSON.—Oh, she must! You just ought to drink some of her coffee.

IMPOVERISHED HIS POSTERITY.

BOWERS.—That is a portrait of Mynheer Vanderbockbier, an ancestor of mine on my mother's side.

POWERS.—Ah! Knickerbocker stock, eh? I suppose you're proud of old Vanderbockbier?

BOWERS.—Proud of him? Do you know what that old chump did? He had a farm on Broadway and he exchanged it for Jersey property, because he wanted to grow bigger cabbages. What's the use of trying to work against luck like that?



A WORD TO the wise is sufficient; but they seldom escape as easily as that.

THERE IS no fool like an old fool who tries to act like a young fool.



CLOSING THEIR SEASONS.

SCENE: B. & O. smoking-car. ROUTE: Baltimore to Philadelphia. Enter man in Check Suit suggestive of theatrical affairs. Seats himself beside man in Linen Duster and Diamonds, also professionally suggestive. They exchange matches and a recognition follows.

CHECK SUIT: Hello, old man! Have n't seen you for a year. Going in?

DUSTER AND DIAMONDS (shortly).—Why, sure! (changes subject.) Saw you billed in Baltimore last week. What's wrong?

CHECK SUIT (equally brief).—Closed.

(Silence ensues, during which the burden on each mind cries for outlet, and confidences, like the matches, become mutual.)

CHECK SUIT (eying his cigar).—You see, it was this way. I left New York with a Company of fourteen, all-star specialty people. The greatest show,—

(Recollects his audience is rival, not local manager, hesitates for proper expression, and loses thread of conversation to the other.)

DUSTER AND DIAMONDS.—I'll tell you this on my life. I carried away a salary list from Twenty-eighth street, that stood me advance pay, printing and all, eight thous.—, (stops, recollecting present company, but resumes hurriedly): I had booked a route of thirty weeks, and we opened in Chicago Sunday afternoon to four figures and,—(again stops and is lost.)

CHECK SUIT (apparently unmindful that he was interrupted).—On the road. I had the sisters Brazen — you know who they are. The Outfor-Glory family, — all artists. Simper in song-and-dance specialty; he used to do comedy roles with Lawrence Bar—(stops and resumes)— and Miss Rosy Cheek, for soubrette parts. Say — (leans over confidentially) — this is straight. Her family's swell Atlanta people; society act, see? And then, besides, there was my lead, Donovan, who did a turn at juggling. He bills himself "Serambo," from Japan. (Sighs reminiscently): He was the yellow dog of the show; but that gives you all the stars I had. Well, the first week in Philadelphia it rained by the bucket full. (Ceases abruptly, remembering there has been a general drought.)

DUSTER AND DIAMONDS (convinced of amount).—Seventy-five cents. The show went great. Hustle, the local manager, came round and said: "Say, you've got some out-of-sight people. I'm stuck on this show." He wanted a return date in — (seems undecided as to date, but resumes)— I'll have to tell you this straight. We played against a circus round the corner, and business went bad after the first night. My people kicked for something on their salaries, and after the ghost walked, I did n't have the rate for freight to the next town, Cincinnati. So I telegraphed the local manager: "Show stronger than a circus, but can't reach you. Wire one hundred dollars." Well, it went! See? We took the O. & M. and got to Cincinnati for the opening, on time. (Stops to relight cigar, and as other recommences, looks gloomily out of window.)

CHECK SUIT.—I tell you there was n't a dollar in Philadelphia for an exhibition of the Crowned Heads. Donovan was fixing the company for

a case of sour-balls on me. Every night before he did his turn he'd count the house. The Sisters Brazen sent word they'd been left before, and wanted to see the color of some money, — or they did n't warble. So when Saturday came, it had to be a case of divide all round. I did n't get anything, (thinks better of this and adds): at least, not much. So I wired Sickly at Washington, our next stop: "Hold your breath, and send tickets. Can't move." Well, I had a cinch, because he had taken out our printing, and it was too late to cancel the date. But the tickets arrived late, so we had to take the 3 A. M. paper train; but I wired to announce the Colossal Aggregation was coming on a Special. (Pauses to inspect fellow passengers.) You see we played against the Extra Session, and it knocked us out. So Thursday round comes Donovan, and says — you'd know he does a circus turn in Summer by the way he reads his part — "Say, cull," he says, "what you givin' us, anyway? Where's all dat duff you said you had? Where's de Angel dat you said was backin' Rosy? Now see? It don't go. Pay-day to-night, or I takes de show; dat's straight." Well, (lowering voice) I saw it was a Jonah; so after we settled the receipts that night, I dusted. I've been writing the company letters from Baltimore, asking if they wanted to reorganize with fifty off their salary, but guess they have n't the price of a stamp to answer. (Laughs softly, after again glancing around, and relapses.)

DUSTER AND DIAMOND (taking fresh start).—Now let me sing my lay. I had a Spanish dancer who was a regular frost, but she had an airtight contract, so it had to go. She was Irish, and no beauty in the bargain, and had worked up a rebellion ever since we left Chicago. On Thursday just before the count, she sent word I was wanted on the stage. She was dressed to do her turn, and the show was waiting, but she would n't move a step. So I worked a scheme. When she was n't looking, I pushed her to the centre. It was n't a graceful entrance, but the music took the cue, so it was a case of dance or injure her professional reputation. I sidled back to the box, got my sixty of the gross, and took the train. (Sighs, turning a ring around.) It's self-preservation every time; so I had to play 'em dirt.

(Silence. Train approaches Philadelphia. Brakeman announces a wait for supper.)

CHECK SUIT.—Any money?

DUSTER AND DIAMONDS (glibly).—Nope; ticket to New York; that's all.

(Renewed silence. They intuitively decide that neither contemplates an invitation.)

CHECK SUIT.—Got ten? — not dollars, cents, I mean.

DUSTER AND DIAMONDS (reluctantly).—Y — es.

CHECK SUIT.—So have I, and I know a great lunch on Filbert street. Are you with me?

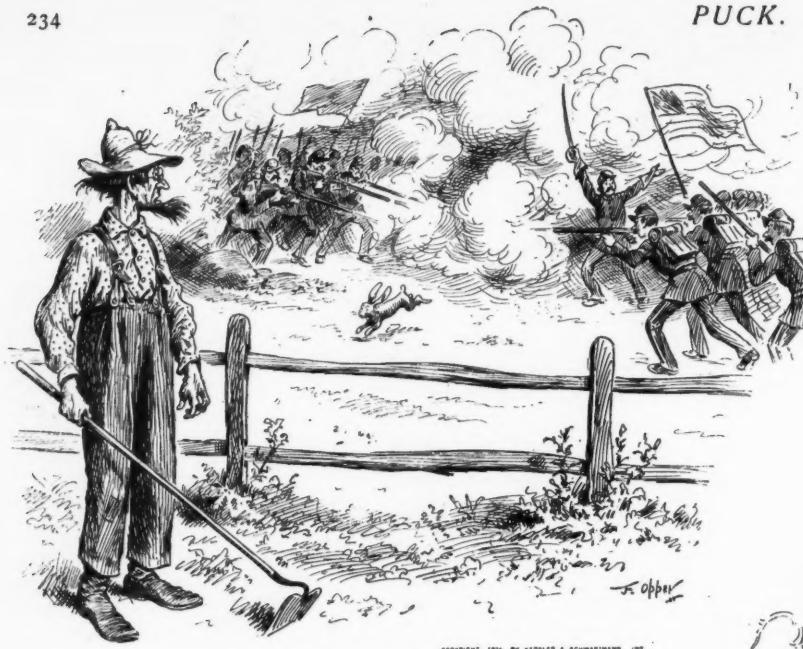
DUSTER AND DIAMONDS (readily).—Why, sure!

Norman Elliot.



MILLS' SENATORIAL
SEAR
IT SHOWS UP THE "COMPROMISERS" & THE P





THE SPRING MANOEUVRES.

UNCLE OATFIELD (*looking at the sham battle*).—Wa-al, I'll be darned! — all them fellers shootin' at that there rabbit, an' never touched him!

POSSIBLE.

BROWN. — I wonder if there is any truth in that report about Corbett and Jackson?

JONES. — What report?

BROWN. — I hear that their claims to the championship are to be settled by arbitration.

TACTICS.

PIKE. — These Senate compromisers are evidently trying to get the Republicans in a hole.

DYKE. — How?

PIKE. — After they get the tariff rates as high as they are under the McKinley law, they will dare the Republicans to vote against the bill.



OH, BE JOYFUL!

WILEY.— Say, Pop, I'm glad you was n't killed in the war.

FATHER (*pleased*).— Are you, Willy? Why?

WILLY.— Because I'd be going to the cemetery to-day, instead of the ball-game.

WALKING IS OBSOLETE.

FIRST ACTOR. — I wonder why the manager wants to take such a large company on the road?

SECOND ACTOR. — He wants to be sure there will be enough of us to steal a train.

FEMININE FANCIES.

FIRST U. S. SENATOR. — It seems a number of women in New York are anxious to vote.

SECOND U. S. SENATOR. — Anxious to vote, eh? Well, well! Women have queer notions, have n't they?



NOT WORRYING.

CAPTAIN BURD JAY. — Have you thought, Maude, that after we are married, you may possibly learn to love me?

MAUDE. — I have.

CAPTAIN BURD JAY. — Maude! And do you still think so?

MAUDE. — Oh, no! There's no use borrowing trouble.

HAD BEEN THERE.

REGGY WESTEND. — Have n't seen you in Lunnon lately.

PELHAM MANOR. — Just been down to Chester for a few days. Duke of Westminster's place, ye know.

REGGY WESTEND. — Yes, I know. Capital dinners they give one at the inn there, don't they?

IN MOURNING.

LAKESIDE. — Your wife has been dead only six weeks, and yet you want to go to the ball game?

WABASH. — But it is only to see the Chicago play.

PATERNALISM.

ORATOR. — What we Populists want to see at the head of this government is a Statesman — a Washington — a Father of his country.

A VOICE. — Yes; — somebody that will support us.



SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.



THE DOCTOR said, "She must go out
And take some exercise;
You must not let her mope about
As she does in this wise."

In vain I coaxed and begged and plead,
Cajoled her and abused;
"I feel too tired," was all she said;
And still she sat and mused.

And then I had a brilliant thought,
And seized at once upon it;
That day a stunning dress I bought,
Also a cunning bonnet.

* * * * *
And now she goeth forth arrayed
In all her panoply
To see if there is wife or maid
Who is well-dressed as she.

Her health and color have returned —
Her interest in life;
But, to this day, I've not discern'd
Who's fooled — I, or my wife!

Roy L. McCordell.

PART OF THE PROGRAMME.

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—When we control politics, of course, the system of voting will have to be completely changed.

MRS. JONES-BROWN.—Why?

MRS. BROWN-JONES.—It is intolerable to think of all these devices to prevent people from knowing how a person casts her or his vote!

PROGRESS.

PERRY.—The English appear to be civilizing Egypt rapidly.

BERRY.—Is that so?

PERRY.—Yes; the Egyptians can run a cabinet crisis now as well as anybody.

THE CORRECT Bostonian speaks of female boxers as putting up their duchesses.



'T IS SAD, BUT TRUE.

JOHNNY.—I tell you, my mother is just lightning when she gets after you with a slipper."

TOMMY.—Naw; you're off! Lightnin' never strikes twice in the same place.

HOTEL TRAYMORE,
Atlantic City, N. J.
Leading all the year Resort.

All persons suffering from stomach troubles should try BOKER'S BITTERS.
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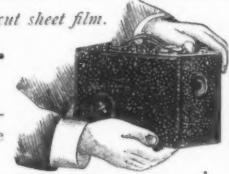
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Rochester, N. Y.

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Sold in bottles by Druggists and Fancy Grocers.

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Testimony



"Your sample of Calisaya La Rilla has met with my approval. I enclose check, for which you will please send me more of this cordial, all for my personal use."

M. D.

This is a copy of one of many similar letters. All equally brief, but full of meaning.



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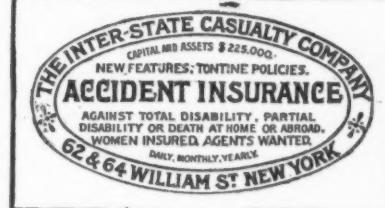
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A DELICIOUS
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FOR ALL FORMS OF
INDIGESTION.

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CAUTION.—See that the name BEEMAN is on each wrapper.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.



If you want the finest TOILET SOAP be sure to get the
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Unequaled for all Persons with a Delicate and Tender Skin. Should your dealer not have it, send 20 cents in stamps for a sample cake to MULHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

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Every American ought celebrate Decoration Day in a proper spirit.

The memories the Day brings forth tend to keep alive the sentiments for which those whom we honor with wreaths and flowers, gave up their lives in order that liberty and a free government might continue.

This is a lesson for every American. Another lesson of a different nature, but equally important, is

Where Can I get the best Suit of Clothes at the Most Moderate Price?

Go to

171 Broadway,
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Nicoll
The Tailor

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THE "Imperial" WHEEL
is ball bearing, set in steel cups playing against steel cones. Running easy—riding easy. No wheel has better material, better finish, better design than the IMPERIAL. Up to date and guaranteed. Write today for catalogue of styles, prices, etc.

The Ames and Frost Company, Chicago.

AS A RULE.

GIGLAMP.—Political rings have a lot of gold in them.

PARESIS.—Yes; but there is also a great deal of "copper" in their composition.—Truth.



The olden Sports on their heads used ice,
But ice is "not in it"—it will
melt, sir;
The modern Sports use some-
thing very nice,
The world-renowned
BROMO-SELTZER.



GETTING AN IDEA OF IT.

GABE BARNES (of Hubs Corner, out on the Sound in a launch).

—Say, Jim; this must be rough skating when she freezes!

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

For ladies, the best and purest tonic is Angostura Bitters. It effectively cures dyspepsia, and tones up the system. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, M'Frs. At druggists.

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

Goes regularly to Hot Springs for GOUT, RHEUMATIC GOUT, RHEUMATISM.—How this Water is valued there in BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS and STONE OF THE BLADDER.

Dr. Algernon S. Garnet, Surgeon (retired) U. S. Navy, Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Ark., says:

"My experience in the use of

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

is limited to the treatment of Gout, Rheumatism and that hybrid disease, "Rheumatic Gout" (so-called), which is in contradistinction to the Rheumatoid Arthritis of Garrod. I have had excellent results from this Water in these affections, both in my own person and in the treatment of patients for whom I have prescribed it. Of course the remedial agent is its contained Alkalies and their solvent properties. Hence it is a prophylactic as well as a remedy in Nephritic Colic and forming Calculi, when due to a redundancy of Lithic Acid."

Dr. Wm. B. Towles,

Professor of Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, former Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Va., says:

"I feel no hesitancy whatever in saying that in Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Stone in the Bladder, and in all Diseases of Uric Acid Diathesis, I know of no remedy at all comparable to

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

"Its effects are marked in causing a disappearance of Albumen from the urine. In a single case of Bright's Disease of the kidneys I witnessed decided beneficial results from its use, and from its action in this case I should have great confidence in it as a remedy in certain stages of this disease."

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has signally demonstrated its remedial power in Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Rheumatism, Uric Acid, Gravel and other maladies dependent upon the Uric Acid Diathesis. It not only eliminates from the blood the deleterious agent before it crystallizes, but dissolves it in the form of Calculi, at least to a size that renders its passage along its ureters and urethra comparatively easy. Send twenty cases No. 2."

Dr. T. B. Buchanan, Resident Physician, Hot Springs, Ark., says: "Send me five cases of

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I have made use of this Water for Gout in my own person and prescribed it for patients similarly suffering, with the most decided beneficial results. I take great pleasure in advising Gouty patients to these Springs.

This water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

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MRS. W.—Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us?

MR. W. (sadly).—No, I have no credit anywhere. I always paid cash.—*New York Weekly*.

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TEACHER.—Name some of the great inventions of the age.

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EVERY man thinks he might become famous if he had more time to write poetry.—*Atchison Globe*.

THE bigamist who has two wives living is usually the man who looks out for No. 1.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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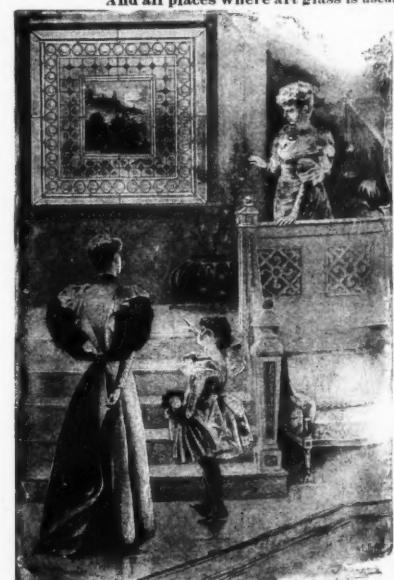
NERVOUS WIFE.—I hear a burglar.
NERVOUS HUSBAND.—Woo! I'll crawl under the bed and see if he is there.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

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"Yes, my sweet one! A few miles further we will be at the house of the parson."



ANITA.— Oh, Reginald! Here comes Papa on his bicycle! He will overtake us! All is lost!



REGINALD.— Never fear, my fair Anita. Your Reginald has brains as well as love. Scatter these tacks behind you as we go along.



"Scatter them well, and don't let him see you doing it."



OLD GOTROX.— Ha, ha! I am gaining on the young scamps rapidly. By the Great Horn Spoon! What have I struck?



"Busted! Well, a young man that is sharp enough to do a trick like that deserves the girl he loves. I'll wait here till they come back."



"Bless you, my children; bless you!"